A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying small objects 500 times, will be mailed to any address, on the receipt of 25 cents, in silver, and I red Stamp. Five of different powers, free of postage. $1. Address, F. BOWEN, Lock Box, 220, Boston, Mass.

THE AGENT OF VANITY FAIR IN LONDON, ENGLAND, is JOHN ADAMS KNIGHT, Publisher of the "LONDON AMERICAN," No. 100 Fleet street. The trade will be supplied and subscriptions received at his office. Single copies also for sale.

VOL. 5. NO. 110

# VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

FEBRUARY 1,

1862.

## COMPLIMENTARY TO MESSRS. MASON AND SLIDELL.

*Napoleon.*—"AH! MY GOOD FRIEND, VAT IS ZE MATTER—YOU SEEM IN PAIN?"

*John Bull.*—"I'M TROUBLED WITH A COUPLE OF FELONS AND DON'T KNOW HOW TO TREAT THEM—UGH! UGH!"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 100 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

XUM

THE READERS OF
VANITY FAIR
WILL BEAR IN MIND THAT
E. ANTHONY,
501 BROADWAY,
(Three doors from the St. Nicholas Hotel,)
IS
HEAD QUARTERS FOR
PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,
STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,
AND
CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES.

It will be unwise to buy before seeing his assortment

THE BEAUTIFUL NEW EDITIONS
OF
THOMAS HOOD
AND
BAYARD TAYLOR,
IN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY VOLUMES,
Are printed for Subscribers only.

*** They are the most attractive books of the day, and well suited to dull times. They cost but $1 50 per month.

G. P. PUTNAM
532 Broadway.

MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY MERRY

THE WHOLE YEAR
FOR
$1.00

THE YOUNG FOLKS LIKE
MERRY'S
MUSEUM

Better than any other Dollar Magazine, because it contains the best Stories, Instructive Articles, Illustrations, puzzles etc.

PARENTS LIKE MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Because it adds to Home Pleasures, and is of the most healthful moral tone.

TEACHERS LIKE MERRY'S MUSEUM,

Because it teaches children to think, and aids them in their studies by Special Articles pertaining to their lessons.

It is just the thing for a Holiday Present. The Forty-third Volume commences January 1st.

A fine Steel Engraved Portrait of AUNT SUE in the January number.

One Dollar a Year. Single Copies Ten Cents.

J. N. STEARNS,
Publisher,
111 Fulton street, N. Y.

WARD & FARRY, PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS and Importers, (Successors to H. W. Derby.) 625 Broadway. Are selling their own Publications, together with all the current miscellaneous issues of the day at par and reduced prices.

They publish the following:

POPULAR BOOKS OF WIT AND HUMOR.

| | |
|---|---|
| The Widow Bedott Papers, 12mo., | |
| cloth, | 00 00 |
| Mrs. Partington, by B. P. Shillaber, | 00 00 |
| The Sparrowgrass Papers, | 00 00 |
| Riley's Humors of the West, | 00 00 |
| Brougham's Humorous Irish Stories, | 00 00 |
| Miss Slimmens' Window, | 00 00 |
| Prentice's Wit and Humor, | 00 00 |
| Letters of Jack Downing, 12mo., | 00 00 |
| Jack Downing's Yankee Stories, | 00 00 |

## Editors throughout the Country

Who have received this paper for ONE YEAR, will please insert the following—NOTICE AND TERMS—THREE TIMES in their advertising columns, and send marked copies of the papers containing the same to this office. The paper will not be sent to such as do not comply with our terms, as our exchange list is an unusually large one.

## Notice to Subscribers.

WE OFFER AS A PREMIUM TO
EVERY THREE DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER TO VANITY FAIR,
A COPY OF THE
ARTEMUS WARD LETTERS,

To be shortly published, in book form, by RUDD & CARLETON, of this city. Price, $1 00.

We will send any other ONE DOLLAR Publication which may be preferred.

We do not prepay the paper to Premium Subscribers, but the

BOOK WILL BE SENT POSTAGE FREE.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| One Copy one year | Postage unpaid | $2 50 |
| " " and "Artemus Ward Letters," | " unpaid, | 3 00 |
| " " | " paid | 3 00 |
| Two Copies one year (to one address) | " paid | 5 00 |
| Five Copies one year (to one address) | " unpaid | 10 00 |
| One Copy one year and Worcester's Illa'd Q'rto Dictionary | " unpaid | 6 00 |
| Three Copies one year and Worcester's Illa'd Quarto Dictionary, | | 9 00 |

### BOUND VOLUMES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Single Volume | Postage paid | $2 00 |
| Three Volumes and copy of paper one year, books prepaid only | | 7 00 |
| Four Volumes and Copy of Paper, one year, books prepaid only, | | 8 00 |
| Three Volumes " " " (to California) books prepaid only | | 8 00 |
| Four Volumes " " " " " " | | 9 00 |

Remittances must be made in Gold, New York or Eastern Currency, or other Currency at New York par. Seal all letters securely, and address plainly to

LOUIS H. STEPHENS, Publisher for Proprietors,
No. 100 Nassau street, N. Y.

## OUR GREAT PREMIUM.

To any one sending us $9.00 for three subscriptions to VANITY FAIR for one year (or one subscription for three years) we will present a splendid copy of

WORCESTER'S ILLUSTRATED QUARTO DICTIONARY,

which is published at $7.50.

Read the following notices of the work:

From the "Atlantic Monthly."

"A conclusive reason with us for preferring Dr. Worcester's Dictionary is, that its author has properly understood his functions, and has aimed to give us a true view of English as it is, and not as he himself may have wished it should be, or thought it ought to be. We believe Dr. Worcester's Dictionary to be the most complete and accurate of any hitherto published."

From the "Mobile Daily Tribune."

"We make no doubt that the work will speedily take its position as the recognized STANDARD of the English language of the nineteenth century, and have no hesitation in recommending it as not only a safe, complete, and reliable guide, but as the only such guide within our knowledge."

From Louis Agassiz, L.L. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy. More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

Address, LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for Proprietors of VANITY FAIR,
100 Nassau Street, New York.

IMPROVED
Gutta Percha
CEMENT
ROOFING
It is water-proof, and
*Costs only about one-third as much as Tin,*
AND IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

THE CHEAPEST and most DURABLE ROOFING in use. Fire and Water Proof. Applied to New and Old Roofs of all kinds, and sent to all parts of the country with full directions for use. Send for a Circular

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT ROOFING.
JOHNS & CROSLEY,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
78 WILLIAM ST.,
(COR. LIBERTY ST.),
NEW YORK.

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT,
FOR preserving new and repairing LEAKY METAL ROOFS of every description; WILL NOT CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER.
Agents Wanted.
*Terms Cash!*

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE, FOR CEMENTING WOOD, LEATHER, GLASS, IVORY, CHINA, MARBLE, PORCELAIN, ALABASTER, BONE, CORAL, &c., &c., the only article of the kind ever produced which will withstand water. Liberal terms to Wholesale Dealers.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
JOHNS & CROSLEY, Sole Manufacturers,
Wholesale Warehouse, 78 William st., cor. Liberty.

Advertising Rates of Vanity Fair.

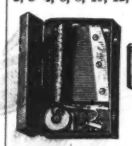
Title Page, 50 cents per line, occupying the space across the page.

Title Page, $1.50 per line, across the page.

Second Page, 25 cents, wide column.

" " 10 cents, narrow column.

GREAT MUSICAL BOX DEPOT. M. J. PAILLARD, Importer, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Has for sale the most extensive assortment in the country, at prices varying at Two to Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, each playing 2, 3 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16 and 24 airs.



BEAUTIFUL TOY BOXES FOR CHILDREN. BOXES TO SUIT ALL AGES AND TASTES. Call and examine them!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches Cheap for Cash.

MUSICAL BOXES REPAIRED.

Diarrhea & Dysentery will decimate the Volunteers more than the Bullets of the enemy, therefore let every man see to it that he carries with him a full supply of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Their use in India and the Crimea saved thousands of British Soldiers, only 25 cts. per Box.

EXTRACTS FROM
CHAS. STOKES'
CONTINENTAL ALMANAC.

What is the difference between Independence Hall, on Chestnut Street below 6th, and Chas. Stokes' "one-price" clothing store, Chestnut below Ninth?—ANS. About three squares.

Why is a lover who composes a pretty sonnet to the features of his "object" like a soldier?—ANS. Because he knows how to write about face.

What great GOOD is advanced by the publications of illustrated works similar to Stokes' Illustrated Almanac?—ANS. Scott GOOD, the Engraver.

Why is Stokes' Illustrated Almanac for 1862 like a well-appointed butcher shop?—ANS. Because it is made attractive by fine CUTS.

Why are the wood engravings in Stokes' Almanac like the ships of war at present on the Southern coast?—ANS. Because they are block aids to his business.

Why is a Southern planter like a Prussian nobleman?—ANS. Because he dwells upon the Black Oder.

Why should the soldiers outside the walls of Fortress Monroe be convicted for counterfeiting?—ANS. Because they are made of wooden "quarters."

Why is a "Revolver" like a volunteer with the measles?—ANS. Because he is SICK SHOOTER.

CHARLES STOKES'
CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,
824 CHESTNUT STREET.
PHILADELPHIA.

STEAM JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
44 ANN STREET.

CHAPIN & McKAY,
"VANITY FAIR" PRINTERS.

Newspaper, Book, Job and Card Printing neatly executed on the most reasonable terms, and with dispatch.

# RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING;

—OR—

# THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

By McArone.

## CHAPTER VIII.

In our last chapter, we left the young lieutenant in the act of making an important announcement to Glorianna. We would have finished the lieutenant's remark, in that chapter, but were interrupted by an invitation to "go out and take something." Before we returned, the printers had somehow got hold of the MS., and it was too late to add anything further. With this explanation, let us go on.

"Madame!" cried the lieutenant, "your . . . your husband!"

"What of him? . . . speak! . . . implored Glorianna.

"He is dead . . . drunk, and won't come home."

"Is *that* all? Go," she replied, firmly; "go and get a p'leeceman to fetch him."

Don Rantanquero was soon brought home by an officer of the Fifteenth Precinct. He had his hat smashed, and was singing "We won't go home till morning."

Intemperance is the foible of Genius. No one knows that, better than the writer, unless it may be O'Titian, the artist who has so well illustrated this work. As he is a fighting man, however, further particulars are obviously unnecessary, if not hazardous.

On the following morning, Don Rantanquero arose with the lark and the headache. He struck a bell of ivory inlaid with pearl, and a Mameluke slave appeared

"Go, minion," said the Don, "to the nearest drug-store, and get me some Congress-water . . . stay, tell the man to fix me some Calisaya, the way the old gentleman on the corner of Fourth and Broadway used to make it for me. Then put a tablespoonful of it in a goblet of Congress,[o] and I shall be right as ninepence!"

The slave obeyed the mandate; and the Don dressed for breakfast.

"Black these boots," said he to the slave.

"Please, Marsa, der ain't no blackin' in Mobile, replied the Mameluke; "dey done bein' sent it all down to Huntsville."

"I'll go to Huntsville and get some, then, after breakfast," said the Don, moodily.

So, when the meal was over, he kissed Glorianna, buckled on his pontoons and culverin, and gave the order for an advance of his entire army to Huntsville, leaving only a brigade of Vivandières to hold the city. The order of advance was as follows:

Detailed corps of Policemen.
Brass Band.
Invited Guests.
Artists of the Illustrated Papers.
Brass Band.
Regiment of Faro-dealers.
Baggage-wagons.
Brigade of Light Quadroons.
Brass Band.
Civil Engineers.
Uncivil Engineers.
Don Rantanquero.
Brass Band.
Division of Artillery.
Mountain Infantry.
Foot Dragoons.
Horse Marines.
Brass Band.
Forty Engines.
Sappers and Miners.
Board of Aldermen.
Pioneers.

Soldiers, sailors, pirates, priests, apple-women, etc.

As this splendid force approached Huntsville in battle array, with colors beating and drums flying, they drove the enemy's pickets into the ground, and encamped before the principal gate of the city.

Some of the commanders were in favor of storming at once, but Don Rantanquero was wiser. He knew that so long as there were people in that town, it would be dangerous to shoot that way. Serious casualties have been known to occur from similar causes. He therefore concluded to get everybody outside the walls before he brought his batteries to bear.

To this end, he had a grand mammoth pavilion erected near the camp, and posted bills thereabout, announcing the arrival of the great consolidated Union Circus, with five Shakesperian jesters. Performances to commence at early candle-light. Admittance twenty-five cents. Children under twelve, Half Price.

The people gathered, *en masse*, whatever that is, to witness the splendid feats of the amphitheatre. Col. Nixon, who was traveling with the army, kindly consented to act as manager, but the Don had great difficulty in persuading him out of his pet . . . that of having a grand opera, with the performers on horseback. Joe Pentland, who was traveling as Nixon's valet, also volunteered his services, and it is stated that he actually had a new joke to get off. This is, however, not entirely authentic, and does not sound likely.

Toward the close of the performance, when Zoyara was exhibiting her trained mare, *Zaidee*, to the great terror, as usual, of jolly old John Cook, in the orchestra, the lieutenant of Quadroons appeared in a proscenium-box, and attracted the attention of the audience by blowing a police-whistle.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he then said; "I have an important announcement to make. [Cheers.] Huntsville has been captured without a blow. [Applause.] While you were all here, enjoying this beautiful spectacle, the Union forces have quietly taken possession of the town, and my superior, General-Colonel-Adjutant-Major-Captain-Lieutenant-Sergeant de Boom-jing-jing is now awaiting you, with General Prince Baron Witgislaus von Kowhingen, at a cold collation, spread in the East room of the Huntsville House of Peers." [Overwhelming applause.]

The people then left the pavilion, and took the oath of allegiance as they passed out. They were all sound for the Union. It is a great mistake to imagine that the South desires secession, or that the disunion sentiment is popular there. The inhabitants of Huntsville were enthusiastic in their welcome of the army, and instantly elected Don Rantanquero Mayor of the city. He was the most highly respected public officer they had ever lived under, and though he would hook things, at times, was beloved by all.

But the best of men have enemies . . .

Peter still lived.

This young man, who merits every well-bred reader's contempt, actively opposed the election of the Don, and did his best to stuff the ballot-boxes so as to defeat him. Failing in this, he rallied a few brigands from the Alleghany mountains around him, and sought to get up an insurrection. They set fire to the city in several places, mobbed the Mayoral mansion, and played the mischief generally. The Don, thinking they merely intended to serenade him,

## HUMORS OF THE WAR.

"THE GUIDE IS LEFT."—(*See Hardee's Tactics.*)

came out on the piazza to make a neat and appropriate speech, when he was seized by the ruffians.

"*A la lanterne!*" was the cry.

"I've got you, now," said Parau, grimly, "and blow me if I don't stretch your neck two hours!"

"Two hours on the stretch?" said the Don, smiling; "well, do thy worst, fiend in human form! I defy thee!"

They placed a noose about the stalwart neck of RANTANQUERO, and dragging him to the lamp-post forced him to stand on a barrel. Then, making fast the other end of the rope to the cross-piece above, they kicked away the barrel . . .

Down came the Don with his whole weight.

* Copyright secured.

*(To be Continued.)*

### CHEERFUL TIMES DOWN SOUTH.

It may do some folks good who complain of the sudden increase in the prices of all kinds of goods, to read and reflect upon the following statement of marketable values throughout the South. It is refreshing to know that our enemies are so hard put as will appear from this.

In Richmond a pair of pegged boots costs $438 50; a cigar $87.10; a common cap $1800; a necktie (Beaufort) $2300, 17; a box of matches $200.00; a glass of whiskey $52.00 (retail). We have heard instances like the following: a dying soldier (confederate) is always charged the sum of thirteen dollars for a glass of water; and all such are denied the use of Jew's harps or accordions. Barber's refuse to shave their customers unless prepayment of $143.00, be made.

A paper of pins often brings half a million of dollars, and blacking is quoted at $863.000, for a small box.

Soap—soft—is scarce at one million dollars a barrel; newspapers are printed on second hand oil-cloth, costing several millions of dollars a square foot. Gen. BEAUREGARD'S ordinary breakfast—a baked potato, skimmed milk, corn-dodgers and forks, is said to cost actually two billion dollars daily—a frightful extravagance on the part of the commander-in-chief, although trifling compared with that of Vice President STEPHENS, who has become a perfect glutton owing to the absence of tonic bitters which he was accustomed to use freely. Taxes are levied on a man's winks and sneezes, and cross-eyed people have to take out licenses.

### The same old Song.

The Tenor of all dispatches on the subject of an "onward movement."

### THE EXACT WHEREABOUTS OF THE SUMTER.

Captain REEVEBLOCK of the bark *Wollipog*, which arrived off the shot-tower on the East River Thursday last, reports that on the 20th January, lat. 107. long. 2, off the coast of Africa, he was run into by a large, black steamer, with three mauve stove-pipes and one side-wheel astern. There can be no doubt whatever as to the identity of this steamer with the piratical craft *Sumter*, which is known to be rigged with three stove mauve-pipes and a side-wheel as above described.

Our chief reporter has just had an interview with Captain JELLYFISH of the brigantine *Naughtylass*, who states that as he came slap down through the Cattegat or Scaggerac Sea, on the 20th of January, lat. $2 50, long. $00 10 he observed a sail upon the horizon, which he is confident must have been the Confederate privateer *Sumter*. One of the crew of the *Naughtylass*, who is subject to epilepsy, and in whom Captain JELLYFISH has every confidence, stated at the time that he knew the sail on the horizon ever since he was a boy, and that it was the *Sumter*.

By telegraph from St. John, N. F. we have advices from Davis's Straits to the 29th of January. The whaler *Bill Blubberly*, PHINNY master, reports that she saw a large black steamer fast in the ice about 3½° south of the Northern Lights, on the evening of the day above mentioned. It was snowing at the time, and on hailing the strange steamer, the *Bill Blubberly* learned that she was the privateer *Sumter* bound north, and that she knew her own business. This information was accompanied by a recommendation to the *Bill Blubberly* to make all sail without delay for a very much warmer latitude, indeed, and to report upon arrival, that the *Sumter* had "sent her thither."

We are gratified at being thus enabled to furnish our readers with the above very cheerful information respecting the "exact whereabouts of the *Sumter*."

### Horrible Goings On in England.

We learn from the very latest *Punch* received, that "there is a looseness in a government office in England" Now we don't pretend to know anything about the "government offices;" but our candid and charitable opinion is, that during the late American difficulties, some of the government officers must have been anything but loose; and, in fact, extremely "tight;" and if Bully *Punch* himself isn't as drunk as a lord—we mean, of course, a British lord—when he writes his cryptographical jokes on American affairs, all we have to say is, that his sobriety is greatly to his discredit, and the sooner he muddles himself upon the best British brandy the better will be the chance of his return to reason and to gentlemanly civility; both of which we believe he had in the days of DOUGLAS JERROLD, but neither of which he now exhibits in the faintest degree.

## HORSE, FOOT, AND ARTILLERY.

CCEDING to what will hardly be called prejudice by men accustomed to consider the subject of warfare earnestly, we no longer hesitate to declare our conviction that the sharp-shooters of the Federal Army ought to be provided with guns. As long ago as the time of CORNUCOPIUS, it was calculated by that laborious actuary that one small boy with a brace of brass-mounted flint-lock horse-pistols was a full match for two good-sized Tyrolese sharp-shooters without rifles. VIRGIL, who knew what he was talking about as well as most men, put the weapon before the man. *Arma virumque cano*, says he—"I celebrate the Arms and the man." Are our military authorities persons whose education was brought to a full stop at a period antecedent to the dates of VIRGIL and of CORNUCOPIUS? It really looks as if they were cast in the mould of a very remote antiquity, like those little earthen images pilfered by sharp speculators in Yankee notions from the graves of the departed Chiriquis. Hardly ever have we taken up a daily paper, of late, without finding in the Washington correspondence an account of a visit to the camp of the BERDAN Rifles, the visitor invariably winding up with a regret that so fine a body of men had no Rifles among them. Sometimes they are called the BERDAN Sharp-shooters, although not one out of the 1500 has got a SHARPE to shoot with. Under the administration of the late Secretary of War, they were promised a supply of SHARPE'S rifles, and it is just possible that they have got them by this time, or that the new S. of W. will let them have some such weapons before they have grown gray in the service of their country. If SHARPE'S rifles are not to be had, surely there are plenty of as good or better patterns in the market; and we think we may assume that General MCCLELLAN, who knows a Sight more about rifles than the authorities in the War Department, will order the latter to hurry up with suitable weapons for the BERDAN Rifles, SHARPE or otherwise, and look Sharp about it.

Complaints are daily made as to the difficulty of obtaining recruits in this City for the regular army. For this many causes have been assigned, such as incapacity of recruiting-officers to sing a good song and make themselves socially agreeable with a view of inducing convivial young men to follow the drum. This, if true, argues a terrible state of things in the War Department; and we trust that the new Secretary will see that no person shall henceforth be detailed as a recruiting-officer without first undergoing an examination before a Convivial Board, with regard to his capability of contributing to the harmony of an evening.

It is the opinion of an eminent man of taste lately arrived in this city from Patchogue, L. I., that the difficulty in obtaining recruits is entirely owing to the frightful hat under which the soldiers of the regular army are condemned to serve their country—a hint entitled to the consideration of the Secretary of War.

## OUR BOOK REVIEW.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND: A CHRISTMAS BUDGET. BY CHARLES DICKENS AND OTHERS. NEW YORK: CARLETON.

A round game of "story," played by a number of eccentric characters who appear to have served their time to the business of pointing morals and adorning tales. "TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND" is as good a corner-lot for twenty-five cents as we have lately seen offered to speculators.

HYMNS FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN. Boston: WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY.

Just the kind of reading we delight in. It would be *mauvais gout* to say that we were attracted more by the beautiful *mauve* binding of that book than by its contents.

FLORENCE ERWIN'S THREE HOMES: A TALE OF NORTH AND SOUTH. Boston: CROSBY AND NICHOLS.

The floor of our library fell in and buried us in its ruins just as we commenced reading this beautiful red book. All we can say about it, therefore, is that it opens well.

## THE NATION SPEAKETH.

I.

Ho! ye who hold the master-key to all our garnered wealth—
Ye chosen ones with whom we trust the great Republic's health—
Why strike ye not the magic chord whose harmonizing sound
Shall burst in music forth where'er her patriot sons are found.

II.

Fear ye our "love of country" wanes—fear ye our hearts are cold?
We gave ye up our richest blood—and shall we grudge our gold?
Deem ye we sent our soldiers forth to battle with disease,
To starve, or beg from traitor hands subsistence on their knees?

III.

No! God forbid!—we sent them forth, to fight a holy fight,
And hold ourselves responsible to make their labors light,
And though we coin our lives away, each crimson drop shall live
To show how in her time of need the Nation's sons could give.

IV.

But ye who tremble at the gates, yet fear to enter in:
Who know the deed must soon be done, and dare not to begin:
Who fear to touch our pockets, while ye tear our very souls,
Hear ye the cry of wrath that swells, and up to Heaven rolls?

V.

Oh! faithless stewards tremble when that wrath shall reach its height,
And burst upon your coward heads, like lightning in the night;
When horror and disaster shall be the bitter end,
And ruin prove the goal to which your craven counsels tend.

VI.

A nation is a fearful thing when roused to bitter wrath,
And woe befalleth every one who dares to cross its path;
Then be ye faithful to your trust, and brave when ye are right,
And show the envious despot world, that Liberty is might!

VII.

Demand us all!—we will not shrink, but give while aught remains,
And shame to every shameless one whose recreant soul complains;
Demand us all!—wealth, strength, friends, life—fear not we shall refuse,
Demand us all!—*but oh! beware how ye the offering use!*

### From Governor's Island.

A slight shock of earthquake was reported as having been experienced at Castle William and the other buildings on the Island, last Tuesday night. On investigation, however, the tremulous motion was found to proceed from the shivering condition in which one half of the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment was left for the greater part of the night, while the other half was getting warmed at the stove up-stairs.

Governor ANDREW, from Boston, arrived in this city a few days ago, for the purpose of inquiring into, and if possible alleviating the condition of the above-mentioned Regiment. It is the opinion of Governor ANDREW that there ought to be two stoves on Governor's Island for the comfort of soldiers quartered there. It would be economical, in the long run, to have two stoves there, as the walls of the buildings, notwithstanding their thickness, are already beginning to show signs of dilapidation from the constant shaking communicated to them by the cold Massachusetts men. Governor ANDREW thinks that the main building on the Island is not by any means adapted as quarters for troops, but that, if cleaned out a little, it might answer very well as a great Central Refrigerator for the storage of such Government supplies as are liable to be damaged by exposure to warmth.

### Merely a Suggestion.

A petition has been sent in to the Secretary of War by many inhabitants of the New England coasts, praying that fish be supplied to the army as a regular article of ration. As there appears to be a scarcity of arms in some directions, we think that a supply of Pikes might be advantageous to the service.

### A Hard Nutt for General Tom Thumb to crack.

The little "Commodore," who is so disobliging as to measure about a foot shorter than the "General."

## THE PRETTY WAITER GIRLS.

It is a terrible thing to think of, the want of consideration displayed by our State Legislature toward the innocent recreations of the New York City people and the circulation of the New York *Herald*. We are taught by an ancient but very sharp-toothed saw to believe that misfortunes do not go prowling around in solitary sulks, like old male Gorillas, but that they invariably travel in pairs or packs, like dice and cards, and false ones at that. So it falls upon us at the present crisis, misfortune does. She does. No sooner has our country become involved in a war, of which the beginning is indistinct as gossamer in a fog, and of which nobody can pretend to distinguish the end, than one of our great institutions—an institution fathered by Taste, mothered by Virtue, and dry-nursed by the New York *Herald*, leers drunkenly around and totters for a heavy fall and a sleep that knows no waking. Here, now, sympathizing reader, here be two squalid misfortunes crowding us off the gay *trottoir* of life at once—a heavy war and no more "Pretty Waiter Girls." What is life, anyhow? ay, indeed, What is It? A small business at best, and one ever to be quoted below PARR, who lived to be one hundred and sixty-eight years of age and invented a pill to settle the debt in less than one-third of that time, believing from hard experience in the advantages of a speedier removal. Well, bad as it is, this little affair of life, we have all tried our hardest to make the best of it. Have we not long enjoyed our New York *Herald*? Has not that charming guide to virtue and the subterranean abodes of bliss been for many and many a year *our* guide? Of course it has. But for those sparkling leaders in the celestial records of BENNETT, catching with glittering hooks the public eye, ay, with finely tinselled hooks baited with the gaudy caption "Prettiest Waiter Girls!" what stray fish could ever have been tempted out of the sullen waters of business into the flashing, if somewhat highly aërated stream of life in the Concert Saloons? Not any. But a grief is wading across from the muddy island of Woe to stick its sharp nails into the vitals of the balmy old Senior Editor of the *Herald of Bliss*. Some fiendish spirit, the friend of Woe, is brandishing his big, ugly foot, preparatory to putting it down upon Bliss. There will be an awful scrunch when that foot comes down. Blue fire will be around regardless of expense; and a grand *tableau* of "Pretty Waiter Girls" whirling off in a Southerly direction with the Senior Editor of the *Herald*, a fiddler, a piano, a beer-barrel, a rowdy, a gambler, and Seven Devils worse—if possible—than the First, in tow, will wind up the performance.

And now, a word to Reverend gentlemen proposing to make arrangements for advancing that very ill-used crisis generally spoken of as the Millennium.

When you, Reverend preachers and pamphleteers, receive the melancholy assurance that the Concert Saloon of subterrene Broadway is a thing that was; that the Pretty Waiter Girls are an echo of the past, the *cancanières* of the rowdy resorts transformed into monumental Magdalenes, pause yet ere you prophesy to a day the arrival of the Age of Pure Order, for you may rest assured that *something must be done with the New York Herald* ere that can be.

## A WORD FOR CORCORAN.

I.

A little comfort goes a mighty way
In these wild times of war,
The smallest favors thankfully received
And fondly cherished are:
Exceeding which, who says 'twould be a sin
If some sound Congress-man
Would raise his voice and honestly put in
A word for CORCORAN?

II.

BROWN and JONES—good men enough and true—
Exchanged have lately been
For SMITH and ROBINSON, secessioners,
As all of us have seen,
Now comes it that the word to raise a shout
From a bold soldier clan
Has never yet been bravely spoken out—
A word for CORCORAN?

III.

Even in Carolina's rebel crowd—
Grant this, or doubt your sense—
Thousands of Irish hearts are beating now
With sympathy immense
For the tall captive who, when armies met,
Fought bravely in the van
Where the green banner waved—will they forget
A word for CORCORAN?

IV.

Stand up, some Legislator, in your place,
And blandly thus inquire:
"As any Honorable Member here expressed
A casual desire
To know if his good colleagues have as yet
Included in their plan
Of endless words that all their schemes beset
A word for CORCORAN?

V.

And if—as possible—one should reply:
"'Tis but the chance of war,
A soldier must expect his turn to take
Behind the dungeon bar:"
Up then, and tell the laggard that a choice
Brigade of Irish can
Aye, *will* deliver in one thunder-voice
A word for CORCORAN!

### About Canards.

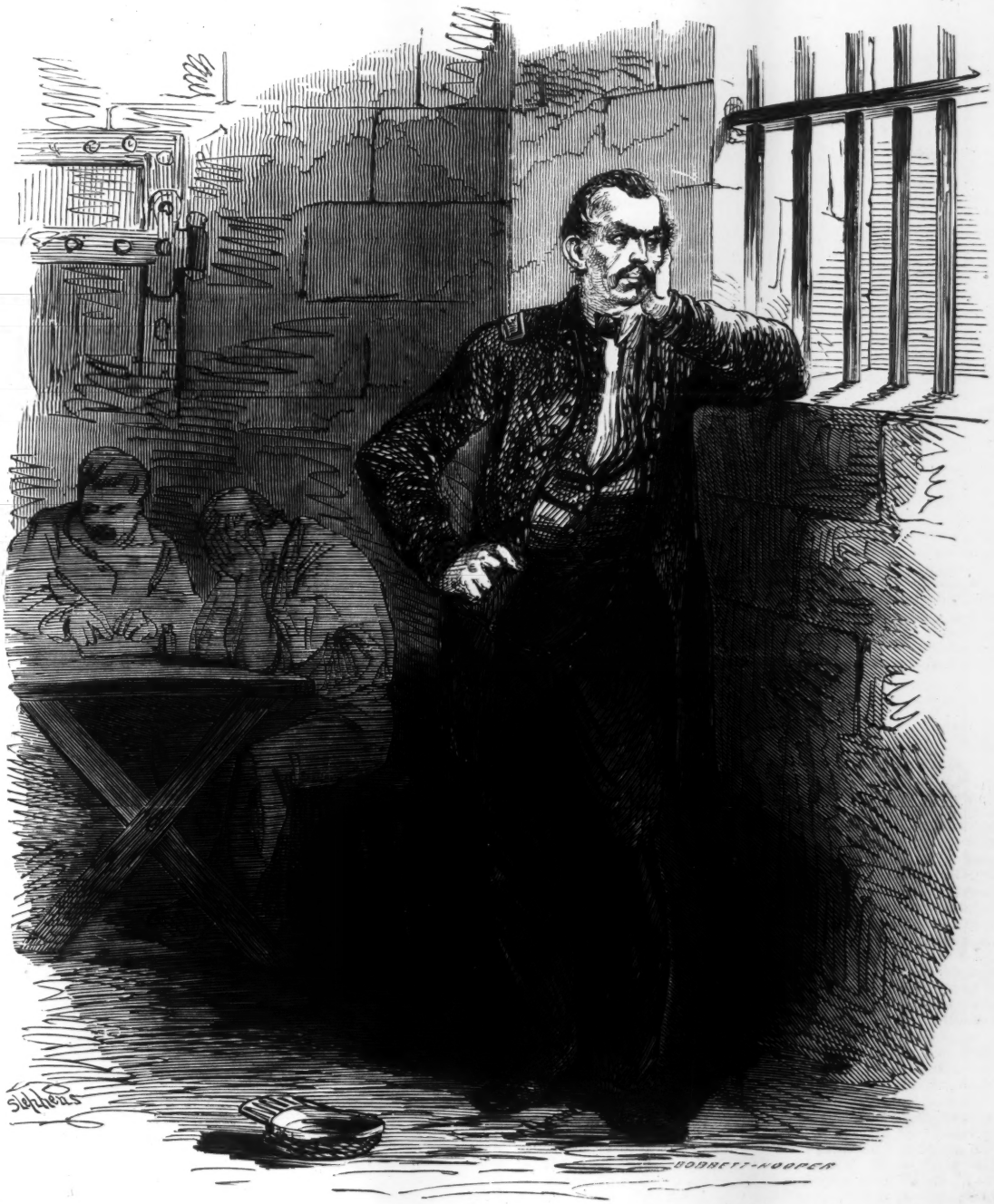
Considering the statements of Newspaper Correspondents with regard to the prevailing state of mud under which Virginia is at present smothered, it is no wonder that those gentlemen are so successful in catching *canards* there. We hope that the great *Dux* of the Federal army will keep a sharp eye upon those dealers in *Canards*.

### Firm as Rocks.

Although many valuable Structures were destroyed by the late fire in Charleston, it is satisfactory to know that the Brown Stone Blocks and massive piles of granite, with which the United States government recently ornamented the harbor, are undamaged.

### The Style of Horse sold to Uncle Sam.

They may be classified thus: *Hors de propos*, (a horse "not to the purpose:") *Hors de combat*, (a horse unfit for the combat;") and *Hors de loi*, (a horse that on being inspected is "outlawed.")




## CORCORAN IN A SOUTHERN PRISON.

DOES HE LOOK IN VAIN FOR THE EXPECTED AID AND COMFORT FROM THE NORTH?

## THE HERALD ON GENTLE SPORTS.

The *Herald* last week published a special telegram from Troy, reading thus:

TROY JAN. 21. 1862.

This long anticipated cock fight—the Athenian amusement, the boasted pleasure of China, India and the Phillipine Islands, and the favorite subject of Aristophanes, the Greek—between Albany and Troy cocks, came off in this city this evening, in the cock loft of PAUL KAVANAUGH'S saloon, in Congress street. The *elite* of American sportsmen, from JOHN MORRISSEY down, were present, and the whole scene was mostly characteristic of liberal American life, unrestrained by the police.

We regard that as the best specimen of straight-out, up-and-down classical telegraphing extant. It is a bit of history felicitously galvanized—MACAULEY'S efforts appear like the hops of a green and timid grasshopper compared with this stately strut and strident crow. The idea of going back to Athens, through to China and India and across to the Phillipine Islands for a precedent to the barbaric sport alluded to, is in excellent taste. It is gratifying to know that the fancy entertain fellow-feelings on the subject with the most heathenish and barbarous nations of the earth. As for "ARISTOPHANES, the Greek"—well, evidently the Troy reporter wants to encourage him.

"The *élite* of American Sportsmen, from JOHN MORRISSEY down, were present." Were they? So also, probably, were the *élite* of the devils, from Satan Down—and why couldn't the well-posted reporter give them a favorable mention in the same paragraph? This "going back" on one's friends is objectionable. "The whole scene was most characteristic of liberal American life, unrestrained by the police." That is very likely a fact—although published in the *Herald*. We might add that the only innocent and worthy parties present, were the roosters—poor fellows! What cruel fate was that which cast their lot amid such vulgar and vile surroundings. Better could they have lived and died, crowing lustily the while, amid their own native dung-hills. Aye! far better. Well, the birds were made to fight and die, and the next day the "special correspondent" of the *Herald* sent to New York a column and a-half report, minute and disgusting. How the writer revelled in slang and vulgarity! A nice man for civilized society that! Does he think his friends the Chinese, the Hindostanees or "ARISTOPHANES, the Greek" would have been charmed with his description of the revolting scenes? We fear not. Pagans may make beasts of themselves occasionally, but now and then there have been pagans who supported a little self-respect. Yet it is somewhat unjust to judge thus of an attaché when the proprietor of a journal not only tolerates but oftentimes, as is well known, demands the vilest brain-work for the delectation of his hundred thousand subscribers.

It is consoling, however, to think that we have but *one Herald*—would that we had none! When will men rouse themselves enough to rid the community of this sheet of moral leprosy, by severely letting it alone.

### Can These Things Be?

We notice an advertisement in an English newspaper, of a new book entitled "The Thieves, Swindlers and Beggars of London." It doesn't state in the advertisement how big the aforesaid work is; but we fancy that it is about three times the size of the New American Cyclopedia. We thought from the virtuous and I-am-holier-than-thou tone of the Taurine newspapers, that all the "thieves, swindlers and beggars" were in America; but then we suppose that these Leonine thieves steal upon Christian principles—that these Anglican swindlers cheat conscientiously—that these British beggars are all saints in their sores and righteous in their rags. JOHN has always insisted that his rascalities surpassed in purity the virtues of outside barbarians; and if he is right, he is probably the most virtuous monster that ever was considered a reprobate by this uncharitable world.

### Nuts for Barnum.

The newspapers in BARNUM'S interest, and we don't know of one that isn't, when there is anything to be made by it, are making a great fuss over a dwarf which he has just secured, of course at a fabulous price, a second TOM THUMB, only much smaller than the original, and now-obsolete, T. T.—Commodore, or Captain, or General NUTT, (if he was a little larger we might venture to call him a Colonel!) whom they proclaim the smallest man in the world. We have no doubt that he is an exceedingly small man, but we are certain we could produce a much smaller, if we only had the range of the Southern Confederacy! We advise Phineas to turn his thoughts that way, in case his present NUTT isn't what it is cracked up to be!

## A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

JOHN BULL, Esq., my jo JOHN,
When we were first acquent,
You acted very much as now
You act about the Trent;
You stole my bonny sailors, JOHN!
My bonny ships also,
You're aye the same fierce beast to me,
JOHN BULL, Esq., my jo!

JOHN BULL, Esq., my jo JOHN,
Since we were link'd together,
Full many a jolly fight, JOHN,
We've had with one another.
Now must we fight again, JOHN?
Then at it let us go!
And God will help the honest heart,
JOHN BULL, Esq., my jo.

JOHN BULL, Esq., my jo JOHN,
A century has gone by,
Since you called me your slave, JOHN,
Since I at you let fly;
You want to fight it out again—
That war of waste and woe;
You'll find me much the same old coon,
JOHN BULL, Esq., my jo.

JOHN BULL, Esq., my jo JOHN,
If lying loons have told,
That I have lost my pluck, JOHN,
And fight not as of old,
You'd better not believe it, JOHN,
Nor scorn your ancient foe;
For I've seen weaker days than this,
JOHN BULL, Esq., my jo!

JOHN BULL, Esq., my jo JOHN,
Hear this, my language plain!
I never smote you unprovoked,
I never smote in vain.
If you want peace, peace let it be!
If war—be pleased to know,
Shots in my locker yet remain,
JOHN BULL, Esq., my jo!

## A SUITABLE EXPLANATION.

In a personal description of the rebel General FLOYD, the Nashville *Banner* says that his head is "covered with a fine suit of gray hair"—a form of expression which suggests that the editor of the *Banner* must be acquainted with the scissors business in more ways than one. The expression "suit," as applied to the felonious FLOYD'S skull-thatch, can hardly be considered flattering to that insurgent chief, because, as there is no evidence of his descent from the bewitching African, the material of which the "suit" is composed could hardly be classed as "all wool," and must therefore be more or less spurious and shoddy. Possibly the word in question, as used by the *Banner* with reference to FLOYD'S "cocoa-nut," has a prospective tendency. In the refined language of the chivalrous Round Table arrangement known as the Prize Ring, a boxer is said to have his head "in chancery" when his antagonist has got it into a safe and convenient position for pummelling at his leisure. Perhaps FLOYD may get his head into such a fix before the fight is over, in which case the "suit" spoken of by the Nashville *Banner* will probably turn out to be one of the most remarkable Chancery Suits ever offered for record. We have another suggestion to make respecting the "suit" brought by the sartorial editor of the Nashville *Banner* against FLOYD. By some imperfectly educated persons the word is pronounced "shoot." Now, as the editor of the Nashville *Banner* does not display any very high degree of culture in his literary efforts, we may reasonably assume that, in his description of FLOYD'S "cocoa-nut," he meant to say that it is "covered with a fine *shoot* of gray hair." We are rather in favor of assuming this to be the true solution of the matter. It assists our fine vegetable view of FLOYD'S head as a "cocoa-nut," by its coincidental suggestion of the stubbly and fibrous growth that generally covers the top of that fine fruit, or of a turnip, or some other such article turned out by Nature for the use of her eager but ungrateful customers.

This is all we have got to say upon the subject; except, indeed, the expression of a hope that the editor of the Nashville *Banner* will not "suit" himself through the head in consequence of our remarks concerning his "literary efforts."

"FIGHTING THE TIGER"

They who dwell in great cities, only, enjoy the privilege of understanding the recondite and subtle meaning of the phrase employed as a head-line to this article. Our country cousin supposes it to be a revival of the "beasts at Ephesus" gladiatorial combats, and guesses he'll fetch along his rifle with him and his two hounds, Jake and Cross, when he comes to visit us in the city. Alas, poor sheep! how fleeced he would be, in spite of dogs and gun, if he but once fought the beast called the tiger by the "hard cases" who loll diurnally against the corner railings on Broadway, dressed in long slatish-colored overcoats with little hand-pockets on the hips of them, and having their moustaches waxed up as tight and hard and circumflex as if they intended using them occasionally for skates.

The pastime of "fighting the tiger" may, perhaps, be in some degree attributed to the inventive genius of the late PHARAOH, King of Egypt, where our friend the Hippopotamus was born. The arena upon which the tiger is fought is a table covered with green cloth, out of deference to the verdant persons by whom the game is pursued. It is called a Faro table, from the late monarch before alluded to, who kept one and did well at it until the police came down upon him and broke up his establishment. It is a curious coincidence that the police of this city have been down upon FARO, lately, also. But a few days ago they had the indelicacy to intrude, unasked, into the midst of a private circle engaged in doing homage to FARO at one of the pleasant branch establishments of Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY, the pugilist, who fights the tiger, only, now, having retired from fisticuff speculations with his fellow men. It will be interesting to our country cousin to know that the tiger was secured without accident, and that it is at present safely caged in a zoological establishment called the "Tombs." It will be also interesting to him to hear that FARO, the owner of the tiger, was doing very well indeed, at the little branch establishment in which he was domiciled. FARO's books were examined, and their records went to show that the income derived by him from verdant young persons ambitious of fighting the tiger reached the very considerable figure of about twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

The late King of Oude, who invented a piquant sauce—no, we believe it was the late King of Delhi, also famous for sauce, as England found to her cost, who maintained a celebrated fighting tiger, which he used to employ as executioner of such eminent culprits as used to incur his royal wrath most days of the week.

We will back FARO's tiger against Delhi's, though. More men have been destroyed by it, more wives rendered miserable, more families destitute, and more confounded black-legs set up to dress in purple and fine linen, and put personal advertisements in the *Herald* as a trap for unsuspecting virtue than the figures of the latter journal's asserted circulation would cover.

On this account it is to be hoped that FARO will be kept very carefully along with his tiger, in the best apartments of that fine Egyptian palace, the "Tombs."

## UNCLE SAM TO THE BANKS.

You care for nothing but your tolls
You pursy bodies, *minus* souls—
Bank Corporations.
Your fiscal interest is (albeit
You have not brains enough to see it,)
One with the Nation's.

Yet you would see the Treasury smash
Rather than take its bills as cash—
Miserly lenders;
But spite of all your pesky huffs,
You'll have to take the notes, Old Toughs,
As "legal tenders!"

## How is it?

The question which was mooted last Summer by the Democratic papers, whether the Wide Awakes had enlisted in the army, seems to have been decided in the negative, at least in certain localities. In Western Virginia, for instance, scarcely a battle has been fought in which the enemy have not escaped, while our men were asleep, And the late battle at Somerset, which was interrupted at sun down, virtually ended there; for when the Unionists woke in the morning to renew it they discovered that the enemy had decamped, a circumstance which could hardly have occurred had there been any Wide Awakes present!

## A Voice from the Army.

Come from the North, Daddy Frost, Daddy Frost,
On the wings of a dry old wind!
Smooth us a road unto the abode
When Treason her axe doth grind.

O for a bushel of dust, of dust,
For every ounce of mud!
O for a dry way on cross-road and highway,
With ice on the swamp and the flood!

## What then?

Suppose the Congressional "committee upon General MCCLELLAN" had discovered him to be incompetent, according to their estimate, what did they propose to do about it? Who would they have recommended to supersede him? If MCCLELLAN had really given reason for thinking that he did not know his business, who in the world was deemed better qualified for the leadership of our army? That's quite a question to VANITY FAIR's mind—meantime it is perhaps lucky for the committee that they decided as they did in the matter.

## Secesh Campillaerostation.

At Prestonburg, and at Dranesville too,
The rebs some wondrous flip-flaps threw,
Outstripping by their *tours de force*
The Union Victors—foot and horse.
But of all acrobatic feats
Performed by Chivalry's athletes
There's nothing that has equalled yet
The late Kentucky Somerset.

## Jeff Davis, His Mark.

JEFF DAVIS of late, it is very well known,
Has a way like the Devil, of marking his own:
For when a poor Irishman falls in his hand,
He marks him "C. A.," with a hot iron brand!

You think it hard, PAT, but you poor silly elf,
You are much better off than JEFF DAVIS himself,
You wear but *his* mark, and though bitter the pain,
It is nothing to his, PAT—*the black brand of Cain!*

## Epigram.

"You know Old Gripe?" I asked a friend,
He answered me, "just so."
"They say he is a man of means"—
"The meanest man I know!"

"The purl of great price."

MUIR'S XX, with a dash of gin in it.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE KING.

NAPOLEON III., the immediate Emperor of France, says every day exactly at twelve o'clock, noon—"*le roi s'amusera, et moi, je suis le roi*;" which may be freely translated, "the king *will* have his little fun, and ain't I the king?" In this great Republic, as each good republican and decent publican knows, every body is his own king, and in most cases appears to agree very happily with his brother of France, in respect of having his little fun. The king, here, is a person of good constitution, and he is standing stoutly up for his Constitution, now, if ever king did! His constitution might be even better than it is, though, if he took more leisure over his repasts and did less in the dough and dollop line than he for the most part does. British persons labor under the superstition that our king takes no exercise, has no relaxations of any kind, and only alters his daily regimen from bitters-and-gin to gin-and-bitters. This is a British blunder, such as that old Stick-in-the-mud JOHN BULL is always tumbling into. Our king, here, gets up in winter as soon as ever the "red ball" does: he rises with the "red ball," in fact, though rarely with the sun. Whenever that usher of good ice, the r. b., proclaims that the Central Park ponds are ready to receive his majesty, our king takes a whole Third and every other line Avenue of cars for himself and queen, and proceeds in tolerably good spirits, for a king, to enjoy himself in the glacial sport. He is remarkably "smart" at it, too, and so would his queen be if she would only adopt a kirtle costume of some Grecian or other graceful style, and leave her long trailing skirts at home until next requested to sweep the city crossings with them. Our king has always a number of attendants holding Calcium lights for him while he skates, unless there is moonlight, which he sometimes condescends to use instead.

When he has made several columns of abstruse calculations upon the ice, he proceeds in a majestic manner to the royal pavilion upon the bank, where sherbet is served to him in the form of brandy-cock-tail, as he reclines on benches and listens to the melodious warbling of the Hamburg swans.

In the evening, our king has oysters, after which he improves his mind by going to the Bowery theatres, where he has shrimps. The latter being provocative of thirst, his majesty distributes coin among the attendants in a neighboring saloon, who provide him with the necessary quenchers. Occasionally the Broadway theatres are illumed by the presence of the king, who is quite unostentatious in his visits to them, however, and will ask you or ourselves to drink with him, unless he has left his money at home, or happens at the time to have neither the one thing or the other to swear by, the money *or* the home.

To enumerate the rest of the king's amusements would be quite too much of a business for the bounds of this article. Suffice it, then, to say that they are more of the last-mentioned kind than of the first; a little more salooning and things than skating and things; but *le roi s'amusera*, the king *will* have his fun.

## THE POET'S HOMAGE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

One of tne HUTCHINSON lasses,
(Our memory playing us shabby,
We've forgotten which of the party;
Suppose we say it was ABBY?)

Was lately seen at the White House,
(They enter the sacred portal!)
With her face suffused with pleasure,
Almost too great for a mortal!

"What tickles you so, sweet maiden?
And who is your beaming eye on?"
"My hands have been kissed by WILLIS,
*And you know he is such a Lion!*"

## SLIGHTLY MIXED.

The *Tribune*, discoursing anent the sweet uses of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, the other day, has this unique statement.

"Important information and advice has already been afforded to both (Administration and military leaders) through this channel, which could have been gained from no advisory counsel to the Cabinet. The subjects and no other source. The Committee is thus becoming a sort of results of their inquiry are kept, for the most part, from all but those immediately engaged in the conduct of the war."

In any other paper, these "wild and whirling words" might have surprised us, but really, Papa GREELEY is so disappointed by President LINCOLN'S non-approval of his famous . . . or infamous . . . servile insurrection scheme, that the poor man's brain is, as was said of the white man, "berry onsartain." On any subject unconnected with the Nigger, the Odes of HORACE are considerably mixed. "Black is a good color," says the devil of BYRON'S drama, and Papa GREELEY agrees with that saturnine person to a nicety. Indeed, he goes so far with his affection for the sable hue, that when he sheds ink for any other cause, we may expect to learn, even, that a Committee is "becoming a sort of results of their inquiry," whatever that may be.

### Independent and Other Views.

The recent change in the proprietorship of the *Independent* newspaper, whereby the late editors of that sheet have been left out in the cold, and the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER installed in their berth, has created some excitement among the disciples of the *original* Church of the Pilgrims, many of whom do not consider the Brooklyn divine altogether sound upon the Calvinistic goose. Mr. B. is suspected of entertaining certain opinions that do not command favor with the great body of those from whom the journal in question derives its principal support, the opposition arising, apparently, from the same charitable feelings which prompted the man to decline contributing to the erection of a new church, to wit; "because there don't as many people go to the Devil, now, as ought to." Still, as Brother BEECHER is unquestionably orthodox on the nigger question, and as religion has always been subordinate to the nigger in the columns of the *Independent*, the new order of things will probably be acquiesced in by the bulk of its readers.

### Arcades Ambo.

"There is one remarkable point of similarity between the Englishman and the Rebel," said X.; "which may, in a measure, account for their mutual sympathy."

"And what is that?" asked the Captain.

"They take the same position," said the Little Joker; "for who that has seen Englishmen in a tavern and Rebels in a battle, can have failed to notice how fond both are of getting their Backs to the Fire!"

### Not so Slow!

An exchange paper says:

"The SWIFT family, residing mostly in Litchfield county, is probably the oldest family in New England."

That may be: but we rather guess that the SWIFT family is neither confined to Litchfield county nor to New England, by any means. Young New York belongs to the SWIFT family, for instance, and so does Young America almost anywhere except in Connecticut.

### "Couldn't hit a Hay-stack."

The rebel batteries on the Lower Potomac lately fired about one hundred round shot and shells at a Philadelphia propeller loaded with hay, without touching her. This, indeed, is a practical illustration of the inability to "hit a hay-stack," so often attributed to bad gunners.

### Fall Fashions in Winter.

Industrious paragraphists inform the public that there is shortly to be a "tournament upon skates" at the Central Park. In tournaments of old, tilting was the order. In our modern skating tournaments it is probable that Tilting over will be about the thing.

### That's so

*Q.* What is the difference between a man's going into BARNUM'S Museum, and his riding up town in a 5th Ave, omnibus?

*A.* Just nineteen cents.